

panthers but lions are the path of the reformers of the old world. And we should feel that our lot is a blessed one, placed as we are in a land where no tyrant has ever ruled, and scarce a single species of ferocious or poisonous animals is found.

A VISIT TO AN EDITOR.

I once paid a visit to an Editor. His office was just 6 feet by, and having two chairs, besides a table and bookshelves, it was very properly looked upon as the most capacious and best furnished editorial den in the city. My friend was sitting, scissors in hand, at the table, looking over a mass of newspapers which had been brought by the morning's mail. He rose to receive me, overturning, as he did so, a bottle of ink upon a quarto dictionary both of which had been left for his inspection and approval. The unoccupied chair was cleared of the books, newspapers and manuscripts which encumbered it, and I was courteously invited to seat myself, and find what amusement I could during the five minutes that my friend would be occupied in running through the papers. I took from the shelves a book which I remember to have seen very much praised in the paper of the preceding day, and was somewhat surprised to find the leaves uncut, and that from all appearances I was the first who had opened it since it came from the binders. I stated the fact to my friend, as soon as he was at leisure.

"Certainly," he answered, they never cut the leaves of the books they send us. "But you must, before you can read them, I should imagine."

"Before I read them, but I have not read that nor would I for ten times the price of it, I assure you."

"How then could you criticise it?" "As you see; upon my word I never saw beyond the title page."

"And yet in your yesterday's paper you give something like an analysis of the work and strongly recommended it. Have you no rule of criticism beyond your own caprice?"

"Rule of criticism? oh—ah! yes; not exactly, my friend of the — has a rule. He always praises nine new works and blows up the tenth."

Further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Spec, senior partner of the house of Spec, Gull & Co.

"Good morning, Mr. Spec," said the editor rising, "take a seat sir."

"I thank you, I cannot stay. I merely called in to direct your attention to a work, the Boggy Swamp and Muddy River railroad. The subscription books were opened a week since, and the stock has not been quite taken up; that is, the number of shares is three thousand, of which four hundred and thirty-one have been subscribed. A word from you would be of immense advantage to us."

The editor drew towards him a sheet of paper and wrote—

"We would particularly direct the attention of all who are looking out for a profitable investment of capital to the railroad intended to connect Boggy Swamp with the waters of Muddy River. This work has been commenced under the most favorable auspices. It passes over Sandy Plains, and other fertile sections of country, and little doubt can be entertained that it will yield a great profit to the stockholders. We understand that a few shares in the stock of this great national work remain untaken and may be subscribed for at the counting-house of Messrs Spec, Gull & Co. &c. to the end of the sheet."

"Will this suit you sir?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Spec, opening his pocket book, "we cannot of course think of occupying your columns for nothing, please accept this for your trouble—good morning, sir."

"Perhaps," continued Mr. Spec, turning round while his hand was on the door, "it would be as well to say in your next paper, that several hundred shares had been taken the day previous, and that all who wish to subscribe must call early."

"William," said the editor, opening a door that communicated with the printing office, "what is the leading article for tomorrow's paper?"

"The article that you sent in yesterday, on the independence of the press."

"Well, you must leave that for tomorrow, and put in its stead this article on the Muddy River and Boggy Swamp Railroad."

"The Independence of the Press is in type, sir, and this article on the railroad is too long."

"Can't help it, William, the railroad must go in: you can leave out the Terrible Steamboat Accident, or the interesting case of distress."

The door opened, and a tall gentleman, with a broadcloth cloak and green spectacles, entered.

"Ah! I was just about sending for you," said the editor, "there is a letter arrived from Europe; here are the papers; I have saved two-thirds of a column for you, and wish to have a letter by eight o'clock."

The man took the papers and withdrew.

"That," said the editor, "is my resident correspondent in Europe. He writes me a letter from England or the Continent every time that a packet arrives. They are very much admired, I assure you."

The next visitor was a servant, who brought a note from Captain Tompkins, editor of the Democratic Republican Intelligencer, threatening unless the abusive paragraph in yesterday's paper was instantly recanted, to resort to legal redress. Thereupon my friend wrote as follows.

"We regret extremely that our excellent friend and cotemporary of the Democratic Republican Intelligencer should have taken offence in yesterday's paper, in which we called the Intelligencer 'a polluted vehicle of slander,' and its editor 'a liar and a scoundrel.' Our friend must be aware that in the glow of composition, a word will occasionally escape which had better not have been written. We beg to assure our worthy cotemporary that we continue to hold him in the highest esteem, and have the greatest respect for the valuable paper over which he presides. Nevertheless, we must be allowed to say, that we think our friend is unnecessarily sensitive upon the subject."

"Here, William, put this in the place of 'Falsehood and Calumny of the Intelligencer Exposed,' said my friend handing the paragraph to the compositor."

The next applicant for the editorial ear, was a dapper little fellow, who kept a store for the sale of patent medicines.

"Good morning, sir," he said—"I have sent in an advertisement for your paper, sir, for a new medicine, just invented, sir, wonderful discovery, sir. A small paragraph amongst the editorial matter would help amazingly, sir—just a few lines, sir."

"You are aware that we are paid for such notices."

"Certainly, sir—whatever you please sir."

"Very well—what is the name of your medicine?"

"The Celebrated Animal and Vegetable and Mineral Royal Anti-mercurial Balsamic Itch Ointment. Here is a box of it, sir. Just give us few lines, sir. If you would say that you had tried it yourself, sir, and found it very beneficial, sir, it would—"

What more he would have said, I know not, for the last was quite too much for my friend, the editor—who, catching up the box, threw it full into the open mouth of the astonished vender of patent medicines. He made his retreat with all possible speed, and I followed his example, wonderfully edified with the exhibition I had just witnessed of the independence of the press.

THE POLE CAT, OR SHELL DANCE.

When I was in New Orleans, last May, I met with Captain Fulton and some other friends attached to the 2d Regiment United States Dragoons, who were temporarily stationed at the barracks, a few miles below the city, near the battle ground. The detachment of dragoons had in charge a number of Creek and Seminole prisoners, or emigrants (as Mr. Cass would have it) on their way to the vast wilderness frontier of Texas and the United States. With a number of friends from Virginia, I was invited to the quarters of the dragoons on a delightful evening, to admire the excellent barracks, the lovely scenery of the lower Mississippi, to hear the music of a first rate band, see the evolutions of the dragoons on foot, and stare at the warriors, squaws and children of our red brethren, who were being transplanted from their native hunting grounds to the west.

When we had partaken of the civilities of our military friends, talked of "old Virginia," inspected the troops, heard some fine airs executed in first rate style, and smoked our segars, it was announced that the Indians were making preparations to commence one of their dances; about 9 o'clock at night we were conducted through rows of sentinels to an open field, in the rear of the barracks, where, under a strong guard, and within a plank enclosure of six or eight feet height, the emigrants were bivouacked. The moon had risen and added her pale lustre to the glare of a number of fires, around which the Indian children were gamoling, and the older squaws beating or boiling their homony. The old men and young women, arrayed in their best attire, were assembling around a large and bright fire, near the centre of the encampment. A bench was placed near this fire, on which two of the oldest and most venerable men took their seats, one of them holding in his hand a small drum or tambourine, open at one end. The aged musicians gave the signal for the dance, one by singing a piece of music that sounded something like one of Weber's waltzes, the other beating the time on his drum. A number of young women and girls, (about fifty or sixty) immediately sprang from their seats on the ground and forming a circle commenced dancing, or rather stamping (like a corps of militia marking time), and moved with a very slow pace and very solemn countenances, in single file, around the fire and musicians. The eyes of the dancers were scarcely ever raised from the ground as they followed each other around and around the fire. Some of the females, who appeared to be ladies of quality, were ornamented by gaudy trinkets, and what they seemed to prize higher as marks of distinction—a number of large sea shells, filled with pebbles and smaller shells, fastened together and bound about the legs, as high as the knee. When they move in the dance (or promenade) these shells made a great noise, chiming with singular, and not very harmonious effect, with the voice of the singer and the beat of the drum. During this time, the young warriors, and such others of the tribe as were attracted by curiosity, were lying at full length on the grass, near the circle of dancers, wrapped in their blankets, and in profound attention to the scene that was going on before them. The men were only spectators, taking no part whatever in the dance.

I was informed that this was called by

the Indians the Pole Cat Dance, though our friends were disposed to distinguish it by the more agreeable, and not less appropriate name, of the Shell Dance. At regular periods this dance is continued for three or four nights successively by the women; when, the women giving way, the warriors enter the ring. They do not restrict themselves to the staid and demure gait of the women, but leap very high, distorting their countenances and displaying all the agility of which they are masters, and doubtless more grace in the eyes of the tribe, than pigeon wings or balances of our first rate fops. One would suppose that this dance was a religious ceremony, so grave and solemn are all its accomplishments, though it is said to be a mere pastime or amusement. The celebrated corn dance of the Seminoles is said to be connected with their religion; it takes place regularly on the gathering of the first new corn, and is designed as a mark of gratitude to the Great Spirit. The war dance is quite another thing, but has been so often described, that it is familiar to the readers of the Messenger.

If the readers of the Messenger would not deem it a trespass on the natural ground of literature, I would add, that it is impossible to contemplate the immediate and remote effects of our national policy in removing the Indians to the western frontier, without being convinced that it will be necessary to strengthen the arm of our defence very considerably in that quarter. This conviction does not imply, by any means, a censure of the policy which has been adopted (and which has been almost completed) with regard to one of the most embarrassing moral and political dilemmas to which any government was ever exposed. The danger to be apprehended from the immense hordes of savages that are gathering like an ominous cloud on the frontier of the United States and Texas, is common to these countries, and adds another strong link to the chain of destiny which already binds them together.—Southern Litt. Messenger.

Miscellaneous.

JOHN'S LATEST.—The English papers are in the habit of quoting from the journals of this country, the toughest stories that appear therein, and administering them to the craving appetites of their readers for marvels, under the peculiar and specific title of "Jonothans"—the said "Jonothans" being put forth as synonymous with "big lies." Thus the most extravagant of the several snake stories—the account of the petrified men—old Joice Heth—and sundry other remarkable have been duly served out to the Londoners as "Jonothans;" and they would find here as believe, that English ingenuity cannot compete with that of our country, in the fabrication of these wonderful wonders. They do themselves and their country wicked injustice. The journalists of the fast anchored isle have an uncommon felicity in this line; and we are ready to maintain at the point of the sword or pen; provided the former be of faith, and the latter of any thing but metal—that for getting up round unvarnished lies, they have no competitors worthy of the name.

Take their accounts of battles, for instance, by sea or land—or, for a single example, the capture of our frigate President. Was there ever yet an English history of that affair, in volume or newspaper, in which the "Yankee seventy-four" was not unconsciously whipped and taken by a single English thirty-two gun ship, without the least aid or encouragement from either of the other vessels composing the squadron? Or the case of the Essex—was not that gallant little frigate taken solely by the Cherub sloop of war, while the Phebe frigate lay quietly at her anchors, some four or five miles distant, without firing a gun? If such was not the fact, the English chronicles are not to blame, for so they represent it.

But we are wandering from the immediate matter in hand, which was the newspaper Jonothans. We have turned out some pretty hard stories, it is true, but none of them a match for the following, which we copy from the Liverpool Chronicle of May 27th. It is perfect in all its parts, and may be taken as a fair set off, for all the snake stories we have bestowed upon our English editorial confidants, for the last ten years. The Chronicle very properly introduces it as "Extraordinary if True"—[N. Y. Com.]

A lady who was born in Gloucestershire, deaf and dumb, spoke three sentences one day last week as follows: "This will be a year of famine, the next a year of plenty, and the next a year of blood." After uttering the last sentence, she fell from her chair, a lifeless corpse!!!

NINE OF DIAMONDS THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND.—In playing cards, the nine of diamonds is commonly nick-named "the Curse of Scotland," and several reasons have been assigned for this strange denomination. When the Duke of York, who was shortly after James II., took up his residence at Edinburgh, and clarged the palace of Holyrood, he and his court introduced a new game there called Comet, in which the nine of diamonds was the most important card. The Scots, who had to learn the game, lost tremendous sums at it, and from that circumstance the nine of diamonds was called the Curse of Scotland. Another derivation is, that the nine of diamonds bore some resemblance to the arms of the Dalrymples, and that Lord Stair, a member of that family, was the real Curse of Scotland. But a third derivation is more modern, and much more striking, though we cannot take upon ourselves to decide that it is most correct or the right one. It is said that the

night before the fatal battle of Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland sent orders to General Campbell to give no quarter to the soldiers of the Pretender, that this order being despatched in great haste, happened to be written on a card, and that card the nine of diamonds; from which time and circumstance it has gone by the appellation of the Curse of Scotland.

DREADFUL TORNADO.—SOUTH HANOVER, INDIANA, IN RUINS.—We have been permitted to make the following extract, from a letter received yesterday from James S. Kemper to his father P. H. Kemper, of Cottage Farm, dated

SOUTH HANOVER, July 6, 1837.

"I sit down in haste to give you some account of a scene the most terrific and appalling I have ever witnessed! Our village that yesterday was peaceful and cheerful, is now in ruins. Yesterday evening, about 6 o'clock, the heavens wore the appearance of a coming storm, and in one hour a most fearful tornado burst upon us, sweeping over our village in devastation, (though praised be a merciful God, not in death.) The scene was terrific beyond my power of description. The boarding house here has the whole of one gable end torn out.

Mr. Young's store, a substantial brick building, is a heap of ruins.—Dr. Matthew's house is taken off at the eaves—the house in which Mr. Bishop lived on the hill, is torn to fragments—one end of Col. Morrow's house is torn to the ground.—Mr. Chever's house is torn to pieces—the college and roof is riddled, and the wing level almost with the ground and about one fourth of the eastern wall of the main building lying scattered over the earth.—Professor Niles' house is torn up from its very foundation, the floors and sills are carried away—all the furniture and the Professor's library are totally lost. Mr. Butler occupied the house, fortunately there were none of them at home.—The new steam saw mill is destroyed. These are but some of the principal losses: some ten or fifteen other buildings, dwellings, out houses, shops, &c. are destroyed. Trees of all sizes and kinds are torn up and dashed to atoms.—There are but few buildings in the place especially in the northern and central parts of it, where all the most important buildings are, that are not racked and seriously injured. The streets are covered with fragments. This was the work of certainly less than five minutes—yet wonderful as it appears, amidst the crash of falling buildings, the fury of the bursting tempest, the peals of thunder and the lived glare of lightning, not a soul in Hanover or its vicinity was either killed or seriously injured.—Cincinnati Gaz.

LADIES' CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH.—The Ladies of Barre, a flourishing town in Massachusetts, spent a part of the 4th of July in a national tea-drinking. "The ladies of the town," says the Barre Gazette, "to the number of 900—old and young, married and single, without distinction of party," celebrated Independence on Tuesday afternoon last, under a bower upon the common. An appropriate entertainment was provided by Mr. Wheelock, suited to the fastidious tastes of the fair creatures—and we are right glad to learn that they conducted with great propriety, and had a very social, happy time; notwithstanding, not the smallest part of their jollity resulted from the self-satisfaction of having sarcastically toasted the Old Bachelors, without fear, favor or friendship, until those of them present had become fairly brown." We subjoin a few of the sentiments given on the joyous occasion:

Old Bachelors—May they lie alone on a bed of nettles, sit alone on a wooden stool, eat alone on a wooden trencher, and be their own kitchen maids.

Industry of the Young Ladies of Barre—always want to be ENGAGED.

Matrimony—The truth and essence of life; love at home, unity abroad, and consistency at all times and in all conditions.

The Old Bachelor like the Thorn Hedge—neither blossoms nor fruit render it useful or ornamental, but it is a scourge to all creatures.

A TRUE STORY.—The following story of "Love and Prudence," first appeared in the New York (Pa.) Recorder, and the fact which it records, occurred in a neighboring county, beyond the Susquehanna. The way this beautiful and sprightly heiress treated her fortune hunting lover, should be a 'caution' to the whole order;—

Love and Prudence.—A young gentleman who was desirous of entering the holy state of matrimony, and had turned his attention to the gilded beauties of the day—selected at length, for particular address, a young lady who was reported rich, as well in the matter of 'lucre' as in mental and personal accomplishments. He felt the charm of his fair one stealing over his senses a 'witching spell' upon his faculties. But he wanted to make assurance doubly sure, and to leave no loop whereon to hang a doubt, touching the worldly possessions of his beloved. Fame, it is true, has spoken her wealthy—but Fame has a cruel fashion of exaggeration in these matters. In a word, if the truth is to be told, our lover was not so madly in love, but he was able to preserve some 'method' in it. And before the glorious passion had reached its crisis, he had the singular prudence to examine records—and to obtain an exact knowledge of the wealth of his charmer! How happy was he to find that her estate was clear; and for once even more valuable than rumor had proclaimed it.

Flying then on the wings of love, to the dwelling of his fair one—in good set phrase he declared his affection for her—made a tender of his heart and hand—and besought her to smile upon his passion, and make him

happy. But the "flattering tale" of hope was not to be realized. The star of our lover's happy fortune, had, alas! not yet cast its silver above the horizon! By some means, it happened the young lady had been apprised of the extent of her lover's curiosity—and in the midst of his descent upon flames, and darts, and Cupid—she very composedly drew from her reticule a small piece of money, and approaching him, made this reply.—"Although I may profit by your very favorable sentiments towards me, still I cannot think of your being a loser on my account. As you have been at the expense of a 'search' I must insist on being allowed to replace the amount so expended." So saying, she put an eight penny piece in her lover's hand, and he—went his way.

ROMANTIC ESCAPE FROM PRISON.—Yesterday a Frenchman, confined in the debtor's prison, effected his escape, through the ingenious connivance of his wife and sister. About five o'clock in the afternoon they were admitted to the prison, as usual, the sister having a large basket on her arm, supposed to contain female attire. Shortly afterwards, the prisoner was supposed to go up to his room, when the two others departed. Sometime after their departure, the keeper, to his astonishment discovered that the debtor had escaped, by disguising himself in the female attire brought in the basket, a la Sir Robert Wilson, at the time of the French revolution. A reward of one hundred dollars is offered for his apprehension.—N. Y. Times.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A youth, named William Stoutmyer, was instantly killed yesterday morning, in Market-street, near Meeting-street, in attempting to stop a span of horses from running away. We learn that the lad and an elder brother had been left in charge of a Market Wagon and horses, by the owner, (their Uncle,) when a dog fight occurred near them, and frightened the horses, caused them to start. The deceased raised the reins in order to check their flight; and held on for some moments, until his strength became exhausted, when he dropped upon the ground, and the horses and wagon passed over his body. On being taken up, life was extinct, a large wound having been received on the temple, either from the kick of the horses, or the wheels of the wagon.

The public authorities, it is hoped, will take some measures to relieve the community from the nuisance that has become a subject of general complaint, the number of dogs that infest the streets. At this season of the year, they are not only a nuisance, but become dangerous, on account of their liability to be afflicted with hydrophobia. In the instance above related, they were the primary cause of the loss of life, and although we are not desirous of giving them a bad name on this account, it affords an opportunity to remark that some means should be taken to reduce the quantity of these useless animals—the owners of such as estimate highly the qualities of their dogs, will of course keep them out of danger.—[Char. Cour.]

DEAD MEN'S THOUGHTS.—It is recorded in the Boston Medical Journal of April, that some of the most eminent physiologists of Germany and France are now pertinaciously arguing the very curious question as to whether a man feels after his head is off. In support of this unpleasant theory many facts are adduced, with grave vouchers for their authenticity. Among others is the most unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, whose lips continued to move in prayer for at least a quarter of an hour after the executioner had performed his duty. Windt states that after having put his mouth to the ear of a departed criminal's head, and calling him by name, the eyes turned to the side from whence the voice came; and this is attested by Fontenelle, Mogore, Guillotine, Nauche, and Aldini. On the word murder being called in the ear of a criminal executed for that crime at Coblenz, the half closed eyes opened with an expression of reproach on those who stood around.

CAUTION in small matters is at all times commendable, and will naturally lead to caution in affairs of greater import. An exception to this corollary, however, was recently given by a fellow in England, who, on the morning of his execution particularly requested that a clean shirt might be well aired for him, and that he might be allowed a silk handkerchief to tie round his head, as he was so liable to take cold!

A NEW ARRIVAL OF EMIGRANTS.—The ship Edward, lately arrived from Calcutta and Madras brought six enormous serpents of the Anaconda and Boa Constrictor species, which are now on exhibition in Philadelphia.

Prince Pierre Bonaparte, son of Lucien has embarked from New York for Canada. He is the one who was concerned in the affray with the Pope's guards near Rome, which terminated in the death of one or more, and for which he was banished. He will reside with his father near London, and may possibly return and purchase his uncle's place near Bordentown.

PERCUSSION CAPS.—We have noticed several instances of accident by the use of these caps. The Wellsburg Transcript relates another. A young man was drying a quantity of them that had become wet; and after sufficient exposure to the sun, as he was removing them they exploded, injuring considerably his face and eyes.